the nouse for fear of alarming the inmates.

The officers left it a block away and approached on foot.

Two went to the rear of the building to

intercept any of the boy burglars who might attempt to escape that way.

Simmons and the other officers banged on the front door, and loudly demanded

Not a sound came from the inside. The place was in total darkness, and the loud knocks echoed and re-echoed through the hallway without bringing a response.

"They're in their first sleep," said Denis,
"and nothing short of Gabriel's trump

"Lat's kick in the door," suggested his colleague, who was anxious to complete

"All right," said Donis: "here go A few vigorous kicks made kindling wood of the door, and the two officers en-tered the house, pisted in hand, ready for any resistance on the part of the boy

The house had an empty ring, and Denis turned on his bull's eye, to start back in astonishment.

Not a vestige of furniture was to be

seen on the lower floor. The upstairs rooms were equally bare. The birds had "This is the biggest thing of the year said Denis' companion, sarcastically.

Situmons bit his lip and said nothing

called in. They laughed immoderately when they grasped the situation.

And all the way back to the Central station Denis was the target for ruthless lokes, which he received without a word, but continued biting his nother hip until

The officers in the rear of the house were

the blood came. He left his brother officers at the station and started out again in grim si-lence. Before nightfall he had the burglarious peddlers located again. Mrs. Landgraff, her son and Curly had moved to a brick house on Archer avenue, near the railway station; Herman and Mott

were traced to a place on Brown street. At 10 o'clock the lads were under lock and key at the Central station, and a wagon load of plunder, comprising laces from Mendelsohn's, books from Cobb's library, and guns, revolvers and cutlery from the hardware store of Williamson & Graves, was deposited in a room above

There was no more laughing at Denis Simmons, who had been on duty forty-eight hours and fulfilled his promise of making one of the most important captures of the year.

The lads seemed stupefied by their arrest. Young Landgraff, who was addressed as "captain" by the others, was particularly cast down. He sat on the in the cell staring at the wall with vacant

Next morning the expression of unut terable misery was still on his face. He turned to Simmons, who entered the ceil with a substantial breakfast for him, and said, in a hollow voice: "Mr. Simmons, will you do me a favor?"
"Yes," answered Denis, promptly, "if

it is anything in reason." "Who was it gave us away" The touch of anxiety in this query

struck Simmons as peculiar. He did not reply immediately, and Landgraff coned, still more anxiously:

Simmons' mind reverted to the lady who furnished the clew about the lace. Thinking the lad had some strong motive in seeking this information, he answered that it was a woman "I thought so," said the boy gloomily, and, then, brightening up suddenly: "Let

Curly and the others come in; we may have something to tell you." Curly, Mott and Herman were brought into the cell. The captain looked at them

sadly and said: "No," exclaimed the lads; "she'd never do that." Boys, she gave us away."

"It's true; Mr. Simmons says so," said Landgraff, tears gathering in his eyes, which he resolutely brushed away with

"Landgraff is right," said Donis, bewildered at the turn of affairs, but surmising that an interesting disclosure was imminent; "she furnished the clew."

The lads grouned and looked ineffably

What do you propose, captain?" asked

Revenge," exclaimed Landgraff, "Yes, that's right," said the others in "Let's make a clean breast of it

and let the traitress take equal chances "This is getting decidedly interesting." said Denis to himself. "I wonder who

she is, and what she has to do with these

"Mr. Simmons," Landgraff said, with an air of dignity which was rather amusing, "if you will kindly furnish me with pens, ink and paper I will draw up a statement about those robberies and fur nish you with information which will be of great service to you."

Denis readily complied with this re

quest, after removing the others to their

In an hour the statement was prepared and an astonishing document it proved. It was a full confession of the long series of burglaries which had given the police so much trouble. But the most remarks. ble passages reinted to the connection of Lawyer Claypole and Mrs. Claypole with

Landgraff told how himself and colleagues had been worked upon by this es-timable couple. "She told us fairy tales." he wrote, "and got us all in love with her. She promised to elope with me this summer, and I believe she was in earnest, for she said she didn't have it very comfortable with the old man. Claybe engineered the burglaries, and we acted under his instructions. He put up this street pedling fake, and we kept piles of stuff in the vault in his office, in Dearborn street. He didn't always do square thing, but we were bamboozied by his wife, who promised everything to make matters run smooth and easy like. Now that she's squealed, we think it nothing but fair that we should tell all about the snap, so that she may get the same deal as we get. The Mendelsohn job was done for Mrs. Chaypele. She job was done for our wanted to got square with a fellow named Hadley, who had been saying rough things about her, and she started the yare that he helped the Dutchman to rob himself. She took the to the store one day and gave me points about the laces that were best to take. She had a trunl full of the stuff. We weren't so very bad before these Claypoles got abold of doing a little fake now and then while we were out peddling. This is all that fiend in female form may be pinched and go down where she belongs, for ing false with poor boys who loved and

Simmons read this curious epistle without any regard to the romance it con-Claypole was known to him as a reputable lawyer, and he could scarcely believe the story of his connection with

the gang.

He lost no time, however, in going to the office on Deartorn street. The lawyer had not been there that day. An inspection of the vault revealed a lot of plate, jewelry, silks, velvets, laces and other valuable property.

This was startling evidence of the law.

yer's close relations with the youthful gang of burglars. Simmons hurried to the bearding house on West Adams street to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Claypole had removed their trunks on the previous evening and left no address.

est diligent inquiry failed to find traces of their whereabouts, and neither Mr. Claypole nor his fascinating wife have been seen from that day to this.

The boys had a speedy trial. Their The boys had a specify trial. Their spirits were broken by the perfidious conduct, as they supposed, of their "mother." Being under age they were sent to the Bridewell for eighteen months each.



Simmons read this curious epistle. This clever capture of Denis Simmons broke up one of the most dangerous gangs that ever infested Chicago. It restored Mr. Mendelsohn's good name and recon-ciled him to his old father in Germany.

But trouble seems inseparable from some men. Mandelsohn's fortune was very precarious afterward, and two years ago he committed suicide in Milwaukee. Landgraff is dead; Charlie Mott moved to Indiana with his people; Curly, taking the advice of Denis Simmons when he served his term at the Bridewell, enlisted in the United States army, and Herman, who turned out a very hard case, is doing a ten years' term at Joliet.

And what of Miss Goggles? The inquisitive spinster paid dearly for her vigil at the transom. For several weeks she hovered between life and death During her spells of delirium she screamed out confusedly about daggers and pistols and new made graves, and said she was going to be buried alive.

When she was convalescent the board-

ers noticed a change in her demeanor. The was quiet and subdued, and her shrill voice had lost the sharp ring which added harshness to her bitter sentences. She did not interest herself as much in the affairs of her neighbors. Her spirit of prving inquisitiveness seemed to be broken, and more than one of the neighbors remarked

"Mins Goggles has greatly improved since her sickness. Mr. Johnson, it was noticed, kept silent on the subject, but his kindly brown eyes were forever fixed on the thin, pale face of the spinster as though he were trying to read the secret of her reforma

Miss Goggles' sudden seizure and sub sequent dangerous condition had withdrawn attention from the deplorable conduct of Mrs. Claypole, and that attractive dy was permitted to enjoy her flirtations

Interest was not revived in her again until the arrest of the boy burglars, and then there was a sensation in the Frelinghuysen boarding house

Mr. Hadley, who for personal reasons kept pace with the movements of the police in the lace robbery, startled the rests by rushing in, excitedly shouting:

"I told you so!"
"Told us what?" asked Mr. Johnson, scowling at the agitated clerk.
"Why, that she was no good."

"Ah! that's very explicit," sarcasti-cally remarked the old gentleman, caus-ing a titter round the board, "and who Mrs. Claynole " shricked Hadley al-

most frantically, as he dropped into his seat and viciously attacked the soup. This declaration had a curious effect. Every knife and fork dropped on the instant, and all eyes were fixed on Hadley,

osity, exciamea:
"Why, what is the matter?" This was one of the supreme moments in the clerk's life. He dropped his table spoon, mounted on a chair, and address the bearders in a balf craterical half

bysterical fashion, as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen-You all know me and how I have suffered. The thieves have been caught; a confession has been made; Mr. and Mrs. Claypole are implicated. She was not so much of a flirt as n thief The nicely dressed, curly headed boy who called her mother was the captain of the gang. He was a peddler. She tried to spoil my character. The officers are looking for her. She will be hung if they eatch her, and I shall marry my dar-

ling Ophella, And"-Here Hadley broke down, dropped into a sent again and buried his head in the soup plate, while his frame shook with sive sobs.

dining room. Miss Goggles shrieked:
"I know it!" "Henrietta!" cried Mr. Johnson, in enzement, bending on her a look of earnest inquiry.

The spinster became confused, but re-peated, hysterically:

Then broke out a gabble of conversation, during which the spinster's signifi-cant remark was forgotten, and the whole story was drawn out piecemeal from Had-ley. Every one seemed delighted with the misfortune which had overtaken the audacious blonde and her bland like husband, the only regrets being that they had left the house before the officers arrived to arrest them. the parlor that evening Mr. Johnson

and Miss Goggles sat in earnest conversation long after the rest of the boarders "And that was the cause of your ill-

ness." Mr. Johnson was saying, as he moved his chair a little nearer the

Yes, I was frightened out of my wits by the young man's ferocious threat," she replied meekly.
"And you never intend to meddle with other people's affairs again?" he asked

'Mr. Johnson!"

"You are the woman I've been looking for all my life. Curiosity, woman's greatest failing, seems entirely crusted out of you. I am yours; will you be mine?" Miss Goggles did not faint. She threw reself into Mr. Johnson's arms, and they sealed the bethrothal with a kiss.

mann.

A photographer in a western county was elected sheriff last fall. He had his first hanging two weeks ago, and just as the drop was about to fail be unconsciously took out his watch, gianced at the condemned man and softly said: "Now, look pleasant, pleasa -Norristown Heraid.

A Liberal Inducement.

Young Man to jeweler .- Will the watch cost anything extra if I should want a little time on it! Jeweler-No, sir; you pay me \$6 for the watch, and I'll throw the time in.-New BILL NYE'S FURNACE.

His Touching Experience with a Coal

Last year I had an experience with a furnace which ought to be embalmed in song. I only regret that I am not a suitable emthat I might attend to it myself. In the prime of summer time I engaged a coal dealer to deal me some coals at a low rate. By this means I saved enough on my coals to rehase a buffalo overcost to wear while carving at table during the winter, so it was

We had a reddish furnace and I tried to win its confidence and mold its career dur-ing the winter. First it had to be cleaned out thoroughly in the fall. Previous people had used it apparently as a retort for clink-ers. I desired to avoid the expense of hiring a man to clean it out, as it was not what would be called skilled labor, and so I did it myself. By this means I saved \$2.50, to which I added \$47.50 for the purpose of pur-chasing a new sult of clothes to take the place of the one rained by getting it full of This furnace had two cut offs, a lerker of a

cold air flue, eleven dampers and a tape worm. I would go down at night and fill it full of coals, shut the cold air flue, examine the steam gauge, also the crown sheet, dump the clinkers and open the rear damper. would then retire. In the middle of the night the humidity in my room would warn me that all was not well with the furnace. I would go below in my simple wrap and fine the furnace suffering from an overdraft. I then sought to reduce the temperature and we fanned ourselves to sleep. In the morning the furnace was found to be extinct. This went on for a week or two. Then I asked the coachman to look after the furnace, I told him I would look after the horses and confidence of the furnace.

He resigned the second evening and left me with the barn and the refrigerator both on my hands. I then secured the services of a middle aged girl, who said she used to run the Jay Gould furnace. I told her ours was the same. Jay and I always bought our fur naces at the same place.

She said she used to have two nights out

while she was with the Goulds. I told her that she would be treated equally well by us. Her name was Lorena, and she did very well while on duty, but the great difficulty seemed to be that Lorena and the furnace both wanted to go out on the same nights. it made me mad to have Lorens absent

when it was really my night out. I told her that she might run Jay Gould that way, but she couldn't run me. I declined to take care of the furnace while she bad better go back to the Goulds.

I then becan again to steer the furnace through a tempestuous career. I excused myself while dukes and titled people were at our house, in order to go down and jerk the furnace. I even tore myself away from a mush and milk sociable up stairs in order to go below and shovel coals upon the never ending appetite of this great bottomless pit.

And yet the basement was the only part of my house that was really warm. Up stairs I gradually froze, while I tried to seem genial and urbane. I were a fur overcoat up stairs while the potatoes were sprouting in the cellar, and on the second floor the nurse and the governess were eating pemmican and waiting for a relief party. Goose flesh manifested itself on the exterior of those who sought to dress for a dinner party on the second floor, while in the attic my employes were eating blubber and hoping for congressional relief. This furnace also had a sound magnifier to it, Its sound magnifier, as a matter of fact, worked better than its other fire did. When I excused myself to our pastor, seeking at the same time to convey the idea that I was leaving the room for the purpose of some examination, it annoyed my wife much to hear a smothered roar, a rattle and some loud and florid remarks in my well known tones come

floating up through the register. It was a good furnace for everything but beating purposes, and I have often thought that if they had the same style in ancient times the Hebrew children got a good deal better press notices than they deserved.-Bill

The Effect of Exercise.

described the habits of the Australian kangareo, the finest living specimen of which species was there on exhibition, an open "What makes his bind legs so much bigger

nor his fore legs, mister? "Because he exercises more on them, sir." explained the orator, indulgently.- New

At a recent exhibition of paintings a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having boy remarked: "Mother, I see Luther and table, but where are the worms!"

"I-1 sny, Miss Musicale, won't you ffavah me with a little song! "Certainly, Mr. Bajove, and what shall it

"Why I think I should enjoy that one about weturning the w-wabbit." (Thoughtfully): "Returning the rabbit?" 'Yas, you know (humming), 'Weturn my

wabbit again, again."" "Oh, I think you mean Bring Back My "Yas, that's it, Miss Musicale, 'Bwing back my bunny to me."-Time.

It makes a man almost sorry that he moved when he reads in the advertisement in the paper next day the real estate agent's descrip-

has just given up .- Journal of Education. "How fond Charley Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes; he takes after his father in that researt."—Har-

Not Wholly a Superstition. Mrs. Slimdiet-Before going for your trunks, Mr. Newboarder, you might as well ait down to dinner. I will have an extra plate put on. Of course, I did not expect

Mr. Newboarder-How many boarders "Twelve. You will make the thirteenth. "Thirteen at tablet I will wait until supper time. I fear if the thirteen of us sat have only arranged for twelve, you say?

What would the thirteenth die "Starvation!"-Philadelphia Record.



And there in happiness alone
They sat until the flute had blown
A trill to drown the final tone
That filled the 'cello.

The snow upon the winter tree, Whose twigs once trembled with the gles Of summer's swallows. And while upon this scene intent They gazed, a ray of sentiment

Outside the window they could see

"Clarissa"-here he paused a while To contemplate Clarissa's smile And polish up his verbal style; She, lightly drumming Gave him a chance and meanwhile gues Just what was coming.

To help his rheteric to land; She let him hold the fincers, and, By squeeze judicious, And gentle turning of her head, She punctuated what he said— An action which, interpreted, Meant "How delicious!"

"Clarissa, darling"-after these He suffered an emphatic squeeze
"I love you"—here upon his knees,
In true devotion,
He knelt before Clarisss, who Was all uncertain what to do; Her heart seemed practicing a new

Then, like a fervent worshiper, Said he: "Clarissa, I prefer To make life's journey Along the paths of Paradise." He said that sentence ever twice, And thought it sounded rather nice For an attorney.

"I'm poor." he said /Love's truest art Makes this a sotto voce part), "But if you'll promise me your heart In sweet surrender, We shall not want for sordid gold; Cirrissa, you are wealth untoid— You are "—the metaphor was bold— "Ey legal under." —Frank Demster Sherman in Life.

The Arizona Kicker. Provender .- Our birthday occurs next week Friday-that being our thirty-fifth-and any little reminder sent in by the public will I warmly appreciated. We stand in need of

shirts, socks, neckties, collars, etc., and it has been suggested that the ladies organize and contribute to a generous cutfit. Some of our friends declare that, in view of what The Kicker has done for this locality, a purse of \$100 should be presented to us by the men. We should be thankful, of course, and more thankful if it was made An editor should be modest, however, and we simply throw out these few sugges-tions without any thought of being personal.

P. S.-We wear a No. 15 collar and the shirts should be full in the back. More Wind.-Professor Rose, who hit this town last spring to get up a class in music, and who has been here on his uppers ever him. Because we suggested last week that he quit dead benting and pick up the pick or stovel, he is around town calling us a fugitive from justice and asking why the police

don't do something. Gently, professor. When we left Xenia, O., the sheriff patted us on the back and lent us half a dollar. We are the only man this town who doesn't turn pale when the singe comes in, and the only one who doesn't break for the sage brush when it is announced that the United States marshal is here. ain't rich or pretty, but we are good, and the professor is barking up the wrong tree. We lon't bear him any ill will, but the professor must retract his statements about us drop a line to Pinkerton asking if Yailer Jim, alias Professor Rose, isn't wanted some where. - Detroit Free Press.

Wanted, a Hen. A man who subscribed to The News for three months writes: "I want to pay for my subscription, but I'm a little short of money; so I send you a half dozen eggs. If you'll out 'em under a settin' hen they'il hatch out enough chickens to pay for a year's subscrip-Now, this is a new way to pay debts; but, if somebody will give us a hen we will try the experiment. - Smithville (Ga.) News.

No Publicity Wanted. "So there was a row at your house last

Yes, my uncle was badly hurt. But how did you hear about it! I took every precau-tion to have the affair kept quiet." "What precautions did you take?" "I engaged several detectives to work on

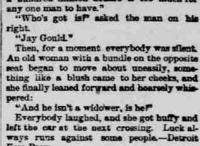


Woman ito tired tramp, who is resting at the gate.—If you'll come round to the back door I'll give ye a piece o' pie. Thred Tramp—Thanks, ma'am, not any; you gave me a piece of pie when I passed through this section last summer. The

Invalid-I have been here at these springs dector, six weeks, and I don't see that the water has had the slightest effect. Dr. Candid-You must have patie die until after he had been here two months.

Bis Chief Suffering. Old Gentleman no transpi-I suppose, my friend, that in the nomadic life you lead there are a great many drawbacks! Tramp (hitterly)-Yes, sir; there are some

"Dear! dear!" he said as he laid down his paper and looked around the car, "but a hundred million dellars is too much for



Not So Pavorable. Deacon Williams-Brudder Jones, how did rour son come outen de trial!

Brother Jones—De jedge done give 'im two nunfs in de jayul.

Dencon Williams—Pears ter me like as if

you oughter be powful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did. nes-Twarn't a' light's you seem ber think. Dey's a-gwinter bang 'im when se two munfs is up. Harper's Magazine.



e-Are you going to Europe this summer, Mrs. Bullion? Mrs. Bullion-No, indeed; I can't afford it. Besides, my cook is going.-Time

> Always Room for One More In ancient Mexico There dwelt, some time ago, A person whom I know, Caned in this way: "Senor Don Rodrigo Jose del Armijo Hermanos Teburo." Not one in ten could hit

Not one in twenty could Pronounce it as he should. If one had time, he would Think it misspent. So when we spoke this man, his titled Mexica Impred every el and del. lose and Don as well.

ook this one, just the same And thus his card became After that date José del Armijo Hermanos Tobago
El Rey y Pete."

-W. C. Edgar in Harper's Magazine

She (in great agitation)—Oh, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is very He (reassuringly)-Calm your fears, dear.

I'm in the coal business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months.—New York Sun. No Chance for Charity. Mendicant-Please, sir, give me enough money to get a meal? Citizen-I can't do it, my poor friend. Meals in this city cost 35 cents, and I have by some uses of clothes, with your visit, and nothing less than 50 cents in my pocket. Aw- always keep a large choise of englisch,



"What time did young Sampson leave last night, Claraf asked ber papa "It was after midnight," replied the girl,

with a hangity sneer. "We ha and I bade him good-by forever." "We had a quarrel, "If you quarreled, I wonder he dish't leave "We didn't begin quarreling until nearly 10 o'clock."—New York Sun.

Solid with the Dog. "George, dear," said Mabel, "I thought you and papa were not very good friends." "Well, yes, that's so to a great extent, Po

SOFTY to SEY." "Why, then, did you send him that grea big handsome buildog?" "Why did I send him that dog?" George smiled a tender, thoughtful, far away smile "You see, dearest, that dog and I are old friends."—Merchant Traveler.

Valor and Discretion "Now, then, my hearties," said a galland exptain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight him heroes till your pow-der's gone—then run. I'm a little lame, Pil

"Isn't the baby a wee little thing for cover "Oh, not so very. He's small naturally. feed him on condensed milk."-Har-

Rossi, the Italian tragedism, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage. That probably means a "farewell" visit to the United States.—Lowell Courier. A Eight to the Title. Citizen-Why do you write "Col." before

culled "-Time. A FITAWAY SORE. "It's a perfect angel of a house," said she "All wings, I suppose," said he, -Harper's

Not Altogether His Fault.

In the police court.
"Prisoner, whatever may be said of your offense, I must add that the character of your accomplice is simply alrectous; he be-longs to the very offscouring of society."
"But, your honor, what could I do! It was impossible for me to lay my hand on any de-cent man who would help me. - Boston

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

del Fuegian

He had fought with frenzied fury, so be said.

At the Patagonalan giants be had hurled his proud

defiance, And had painted all the Sandwich Islands red; se had made all the natives scatter in the jungles

of Mahratta, From the Rio de la Plata to the sources of the

He swept with his bravado realms of khedive and mikado. And regulated all the earth in true imperial

With the entamount and tiger and the Abyeria ian lien

He had grappled single handed and had never
met defeat;

Every spouting hippopotamus he got his eagle

eye on Was sure to lay out, first or last, a dead brute

was sure to iny out, first or last, a dead bruts at his feet.

With his blazing eye a-brightening he would dash about a-frightening.

Just like inbricated lightening lunging through the thunder storm,

Frightening with this facial feature every savage living creature
And make the sizzling atmosphere superflu-

Then his wife came in the grocery store-a sorry In the middle of a story on the jungles of

How he fought a bos constrictor and came off a bloody victor

When the serpentine devourer chased him with intent to kill.

And she took him by the collar, bade the timid

A Natural Solution.

Care in Diet.

vants bret ven bret sell for only fife cents a

loaf, an' he gan't eat a kavater off a loaf, an'

I pay fife tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac, eat dis bottle off olives. Dey cost von

A Conversation Overheard

toliar a bottle.-The Cartoon.

"Why? Don't you like it?"
"Yes, but don't."—Life.

English is wrote at Karlsbad by a "tailer" in this way: "Honorable Sir! I take me the

liberty, to make you attentive on my Etab-

lissement. There I please you, to favour me

shall made to measure on the best and newest

facon; and I am like ready to full full your

An Expert at the National Came

"Are you a ball player yourself, George?"

"I can give those New Yorkers points on

Might Overtax His Brain.

First New York Man-I see that Australia

is complaining about a rabbit pest. Second New York Man-Yes, they

First New York Man-How is that?

Second New York Man-They say,

bobtail must go."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-

Two Ways of Looking at a Thing

"That's funny; how do you make it?"

"Why, if you stand a 9 on its head it's a 6,

Birds Without Wings.

The most unhappy feature about being a jail bird is said to be its inability to fig. -

An Indian !tiour. We understand the Stour will require a

flour more days' consideration of the treaty before they can make up their minds defi

faller a few cents to help him along? Mr. Dalawney—Why don't you do some

nitely as to what they will dioux.

"How old are you, Tommy?

ghamton Republican.

esteem wushes."-New York Sun

He smiled a sweet, superior smile

she asked at the Polo grounds.

ery hard.-New York St

as and our street cars.

the game," he said.

grinned, and asked:

Chicago Mail.

suppliant follow,

And we beard the fellow "holler" like a doomed soul for his sins,
"Come," she said, "and have some gumption, I want you for home consumption.

And while I do the washing you must entertain the twins." "Cold as ice.

-S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

An almond eyed washerman boarded a cable car yesterday with his hamper of Sixteen men: clothes. As the grip neared the corner where

natured Irishman, said to a passenger: "Dy's see that haythun! Watch me and see me "That's funny." At the corner the Celestial made a leap and the driver applied his brake so as to give the grip a lurch. The laundryman turned a somersault in the air, came down on his feet,

"What le matter-stling bloke aginF-"My, I guess I did want some more." " Course you did, drink a whole lot."

"Don't you want some more?" "Yes, after you get through Mr. Shentpershent out hotel table, a sum "Pve got enough-couldn't drink another

mer resort)—Mein cracious! Isaac, you lit-tle vool! Vat fvor you ask for bret! Little Isaac—I vant bret mit my meat, "Oh ves, von can."

> I'll just kill myself drinking so much. I know I shall." "Oh no, you wen't."

"Let me have just a little more,"
"Why, you'll kill yourself—I never saw

down on that thing again, won't you?"
"Oh, here's our tout—hurry up or we'll get left!" and then the dear creatures left th tin cup swinging at the end of the chain and

with thirst made remarks short but deep; and perhaps a quarter of them managed to get a drink before the boat started.-New A Christian Spirit.

frent, for sayventeen tollar; you dake hum Customer-I thought, Isnacstein, that you didn't de business on Saturday. Isn't this

es toliar vas not persuese, dot vas charity.-Time. No Parme for Him.

You didn't know it was loaded?

Costly Kind of Success. To my mind, the one sided success of men who secure wealth at the expense of health, character and other culture, who deliberately smother all their finer sensi blittles and humane impulses, such suc cess, I say, is not worth emulating, for it is evident their ewn happiness is not enhanced, and their accumulations are secured at the expense of their capacity for enjoying the good things of this life, and, as many of as believe, to the detri-ment of the life which is to come. Such success, though se goes hand in hand with a proper care of one's mental moral and physical welfare, as takes others of

"Nine when I'm on my feet and 6 when I

ite. What are you in for? Convict—Stealing. Visitor—And yet howeasy it would have been for you to make an bonest living. You are naturally bright and quick, are

Convict (with deep emotion)—Yes, sir; I was always quick to pick up anything.—

Somebody recommends having flowers in the bonnet really growing there, but does not say whether of not his researches have revealed to him the weight of a

Johnnie was under a cloud. He had been given six lines to learn before inneh

of his lesson.

"No lanch for you, my son, to-day!"
was the maternal decision.

"Please, mamma," pleaded Johnnie.
"can't I have two knew worth?"—Judge.

water Near by stood a man who also wanted a drink of the water. He'd been out with the boys the night before, and he wanted a drink of it pretty badly.
"You drink first, Fio," said one of them. "Oh, no, you, Bess."
"Never! Go on, Plo." "I won't do it. Drink yourself, Bess." There were now two men waiting. "I think you're mean-when you know I "I don't care—you've got to drink first, be-

HOW LOVELY WOMAN DRINKS.

While the Thirsty Horde of Men Look or

indies approached in the ice water tank in the waiting room of the Staten Island ferry. They wanted a drink of the

HE hottest day this

summer two young indies approached the ice water tank

"Well, then, if I must I suppose I must."
There were now four thirsty men in the siting anxiously

with Charlie the other night as fast as I could swallow them, and it didn't make me sick."

drink now.
"Tis cold, isn't it, Bess!"

"Of course." "I'm going to drink real slow, "That's right—the boat won't be bure for a

"Does it!"

"It does though Don't you want some

Mr. Shentpershent-Shust bear dat! He

"But the horrid stuff is so awfully cold." "That don't make any difference."

The crowd of thirsty men was new too long

anybody drink ice water so in my life."
"Ob, pshaw, I haven't drunk much. You'll want some more yourself before you go."
"Don't know but what I will-just push

another, and surged around that water cooler, and those who were not too far gone

Leader of Lynching Party-New, young

Men, pull on the rope and let him swing."

Then a foul tip came from Johnny Ward's bat and George, the expert, fell over two rows of seats trying to get out of the way .-Mr. Isnacstein (to school teacher)-How vas dot leedle Jacob getting on mit arith-School Teacher-He is doing nicely, Mr. sanestein; he is in percentage now. Mr. Isanestein—Vas dot so! Vell, don'd you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundert per cent. He was too young yet to study our co-workers right along up with us to a higher level, and does not strew our pathway with wreeks which we have helped largely to make siped largely to make, such stocess as comes through supplying a legitimate public want in an honest, intelligent, skillful way, and uses increasing power and facility for usefulness wisely, is greatly to be desired, and attended with

Viritor (to convict)—It seems a pity, my friend, that an intelligent looking man like you should meet with this dreadful

cubic foot of earth, or the ma which the ordinary woman's spinal column is composed. Still there might be worse things for the health then compalling a woman to carry her head erect by placing a heavy weight on it. Bring on the flower pot bounet.—Boston Transcript.

time, with a provise, so lines, no lunch.

The lunch bell rang and his mother called Johnnie, who know just one-third

"Be tribe," be cried with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the beartims girl refund him. Yesterday he heartime girl refund him. Yesterday he

"Don't drink it too fast or it'll make you "No, 'twon't. I ate three dishes of ice cry

There were eight men waiting to get a

he was to get off, the driver, who is a good "Yes-makes 'em acha." "It never does mine."

thirty-two men found gazing lengingly of

Sixty-four men reported. These who had

to count, but a careful estimate placed to number at one hundred and twenty-eight.

rushed for the gate.
Then that crowd of men fought with one

your Sunday! voice)- My frent, to sell a cont like dot for

Prisoner-I was fooling with a gun. I pointed it at my brother, and-

no prejudicial influences to any one.-

thing faw yaw our living! You had bettab